THE COMMONWEAL

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CATHOLICS AND LIBERALS

FATHER RYAN undertook a day's hard work when he acceded to a request from the Nation and wrote an article on Catholicism and Liberalism. On the whole he did remarkably well, although his paper reveals the sovereign difficulty involved in trying to reduce the points at issue to generalizations or principles. For one thing, "liberalism" has never been rightly defined, the chief synonym for it being the vague term "anti-authoritarian." But what is authority? Or to what extent is the individual really the captain of his soul in any realm of inquiry or practice? These questions cannot be answered because it is impossible to get at the bottom of the evidence upon which the answers would have to rest. Perhaps the most ambitious endeavor to reach solid ground was the famous, if sometimes derided, controversy over divine grace. Only if this were settled could we be in a position to know exactly what is the relation between the individual soul and the Creator, or between conscious and mediate interpretations of divine law. In all our present, limited views we are necessarily guided by experience and the conclusions to which reason arrives because of experience. The liberal is normally a person who finds that he cannot square the rights to which he feels entitled with community desires, mandates and manifestos. Seeking to investigate a problem, he is annoyed to find the Catholic Church putting a ban on certain writings having to do with that problem. Interested in "social experiments," he may be distressed beyond measure to see the government putting the laboratory under lock and key.

For his part, the Catholic is a person convinced that he cannot be sure of his rights—or of doing the right thing—without a sanction above and beyond himself. The mere fact that he is a Christian in the integral sense, accepting the birth, death and resurrection of the Son of God as firmly and reverently as did the groups to whom Paul spoke, means that he has bound himself to the Master as a leaf is joined to a tree or a finger to the body. Fundamentally he has agreed to this union, by an act of soverign will, because he seeks life. His faith is partly a logical conclusion, partly hunger, partly consciousness of divine virility. In short: the conscious act of being a Catholic is a personal deed, involving the whole personality. If this be true, it follows that separation from Christ is the major calamity for him. He will not only covet life, but will also fear death. Well, for two thousand

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years crowds of saints and mere men have thus thirsted for spiritual virility and fled from disease of soul. Their experience gradually built up a fairly dependable catalogue of those actions and reflections which are calculated to hamper or impair the individual. This has, broadly speaking, been expressed as law and counsel by the Church.

It is true, of course, that not everything is clear even now. Numberless matters are debated pro and contra inside the Church, and even in the ethical realm the extent of free territory is indicated by the almost universal acceptance of the theory of probabilism—which means that one may act in a way of which many disapprove providing one has reputable support. History, too, is a record not merely of ideals and heroism, but of human short-sightedness, error and passion. That Catholics have frequently sinned, or that even the highest ecclesiastical honors are not a guarantee of intelligence and virtue, is as plain as day. Some of the sinning and erring manifestly occurs in what is broadly termed the "history of liberalism." But above and apart from all these things there has been a solid mass of supernatural and natural reality which has always and everywhere been firmly annealed to the Catholic community—revealed truth, the promises and gifts of Christ, the virtue of reason, the rights of man. Conscious and voluntary repudiation of this, either in whole or in part, has always meant, and will continue to mean, the eventual individualization of the Catholic and his separation from the body of the faithful.

We cannot ask those who term themselves "liberals" in this country to accept, while they remain unconvinced, the Catholic experience. But we do join with Father Ryan in suggesting that the cause of industrial, political and intellectual justice "will not be served by lecturing, threatening and antagonizing Catholics merely because they refuse to accept the anti-church variety of liberalism." It should be obvious, for example, that the Index is not in the slightest degree effective as an instrument for curtailing the literary explorations of Mr. Villard. Indeed, one may go farther than that and say that the Index has probably been an apologetic disadvantage in the modern era. But the experience of the Church, indicating that numbers of the faithful have avoided sources of spiritual infection as a result of counsel thus given, is an experience which the liberal may not be able to comprehend but at which he should not stare with an unfriendly eye. For he himself, when the truth is told, carefully insulates himself against infection of another kind. We shall have more respect for the universal-mindedness of the American liberal when we find him less antagonistic to points of view with which he disagrees and less niggardly of the achievements of others. Criticism of this kind he is entitled to return with interest. A clout or two from his battle-axe would do us no harm, but a smoke-screen or a cloud of dust (useful to generals) is out of place in intellectual combat of every useful or agreeable kind.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE drought, which a week ago seemed a minor hiatus in the normal activity of the season, now threatens to become a major catastrophe. In the corn belt rain has been so scarce for two months that estimators figure the crop will be at least 20 percent below normal, while losses in hay, grain and pasturage have generally been equally heavy. The South has watched cotton parch and wilt similarly, while in the districts which apparently have suffered most of all—Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, southern Ohio—conditions are so bad that actual famine impends, with an acute shortage of water adding to the general misery. Mr. Hoover is preparing to deal with the situation unless nature affords substantial relief soon, and his experience in matters such as this ought to be of great value in alleviating distress. Meanwhile it is obvious that under the paradoxical circumstances obtaining agriculture as a whole may profit by calamity. Wheat will be fed to animals instead of corn; and while this must necessarily mean added meat and milk costs (the two largest items in the city-dweller's food budget), it may stabilize a market tottering under excess loads of all kinds of grain. Nevertheless the drought constitutes an important criticism of Mr. Legge's acreage reduction policy. What would happen in the present emergency if there were no wheat surplus? The only way out would be to purchase grain abroad—an expensive if not almost ruinous measure from the farmer's point of view.

When No Rain Falls

THE national habit of buying bath tubs and davenports on the instalment plan has been satirized by foreigners, defended by august economists and recommended by the sales folk of innumerable corporations. Its effect upon general business conditions has been appraised with similar diversity. Speaking in Virginia, Mr. Arthur J. Morris asserted that a good share of the prevailing depression could be attributed to decreased instalment buying, caused by the diversion of funds into a speculative stock market. This declaration has been vigorously counter-attacked, though few have denied the bad effect on real estate of a banking policy which preferred call money loans to first mortgage advances. At any rate, the report issued by one of the largest of instalment financing companies—the Commercial Investment Trust Corporation—seems to indicate that the slump in buying on time has been less pronounced than was supposed. Though the Corporation did considerably less business, its net profit compares very well with earnings of the year previous, which indicates that the act of paying up was pretty generally accomplished. Indeed the decrease in gross volume of business is charged almost entirely to the poor market for automobiles. It is, of course, unsafe to generalize, but this experience is a moderately good argument for the

Pay When You Can

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belief that the instalment plan is here to stay. This conclusion has been endorsed by various banking and financial reviews on the basis of available reports.

Budgeting in Detroit

ONE Henry Ford has been complimented so frequently upon the wages paid to his employees that investigators have been eager to put on their spectacles and see what it is all about. The most exacting diagnosis is that recently undertaken by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics which took a cross-section of one hundred families and watched them spend their seven dollars a day. In several respects the picture drawn is most interesting. Seventy-nine of the families helped to support a church by giving an average sum of a dollar a month per family of 4.5 (which is religion at a pretty low price), and the "average person" went to the movies seven times a year. The normal household spent a third of its income for food, and about as much for rent and clothing combined. Everybody takes the newspaper, very few have a telephone, and most fathers—eighty-seven out of the hundred—carry life insurance. More than half were buying something or other on the instalment plan, and about a third already possessed radios. It is reported that the husbands spent, on the whole, more for clothes than did their wives—a fact which ought to appeal to Mr. Eric Gill. The discoveries will be followed with great interest abroad, where Mr. Ford is said to be planning a similar wage scale. Certainly such a standard of living would seem to many a European worker as little short of the life of Riley. Nevertheless, measured in terms of American prosperity over a period of years, it really isn't an achievement particularly worth crowing over.

How to Cure a Communist

A SANE, just and readable analysis of the present "Communist menace" to our country appears in America above the signature of the Reverend John LaFarge, S.J. It naturally does not adopt the attitude of that section of the liberal press which treats the danger as non-existent, and classes all those who fear it among capitalists and alarm-mongers. But it does liberalism a truer and more difficult service by setting an example of balanced, moderate treatment of the danger after accepting and defining it. The definition of the "Bolshevist ideology" is familiar enough, but valuable as a concrete beginning. It comprises, we are reminded, "class warfare; . . . the restriction to the collective state of the right to own property; integral state paternalism, extending in the most absolute sense into the field of the family and of education; . . . word revolution; . . . the proletarianization of society; . . . militant atheism." Having thus begun, with a definition which is common property, Father LaFarge straightway rivets the attention by adding a supplementary definition of his own. He asks just how "dangerous" a Bolshevist must be considered to be, and answers his own query.

"THE practical question," he warns us, "is of proximate, immediate danger." The furthermost logical reaches, the possible ultimate sinister developments, of these doctrines, do not concern us; such speculation is too often sterile or mischievous. In the case of "such an inflammable issue as Bolshevism," it is imperative to confine ourselves to "reality here and now." And of the reality so carefully limited he has two things to say: while it does exist, its proportions are not so large nor its field so favorable as to be disquieting; and its causes are a challenge not so much to the strong-arm squad as to the Christian and Catholic heart. The danger of physical violence and attacks on our institutions is not great; even the perversion of school children, "hateful as this evil is," can be countered "by proper influences within and without school hours"; and in the matter of mockery at religion, many of our home-grown performers do a more deadly work than Soviet organs. The heaviest score against American Communism is its deliberate fomenting of trouble for labor; and this, says Father LaFarge, coming to his point, is due "not to Communism's intrinsic strength, but directly to lack of enlightened Christian principle in our American attitude toward labor." Our main danger is not from radical tendencies, though admittedly subversive, but from the illusion of national superiority and well-being. Bolshevism derives some of its present power from its novelty and its "salesmanship" and the rest from the injustice and confusion around it. Let Catholics look to it, then. Theirs is the social program, the ethical teaching, to cure the disease; hence, theirs is largely the responsibility.

Archbishop Messmer

DEATH, which came to Archbishop Sebastian G. Messmer at the advanced age of eighty-three, has recently called several prominent members of the Catholic hierarchy in the Middle-West. His Grace of Milwaukee belonged to the "pioneer generation" of well-educated European priests who accepted invitations to come to the then missionary country of the United States. For nearly twenty years he labored in the East as a pastor and professor of theology, going to Wisconsin as a bishop in 1892. During more than a quarter century he was one of the great leaders of a metropolis which rapidly went through all the stages of change from a quite pastoral, old-fashionedly European town to a seething industrial city. Few communities in the United States have witnessed more violent clashes of ideals and ideas, Milwaukee being at once a Catholic stronghold, a centre of Lutheran energy, the haunt of liberalistic Germans and a turbulent melting pot. But even as an old man the Archbishop never lost his grip on current actualities; and his ability to be both a careful scholar and a democratic citizen perfectly exemplified what Wisconsin liked to suppose was its conception of the "good life." His house was wholly unequipped with those cerberi with which busy and prominent men defend themselves against intruders, and of course he went

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everywhere to supervise the abundance of new activities by means of which the Church was striving to leaven that section of the world. It is a pleasure for The Commonweal to remember gratefully, in this hour, the frequent interest in its work manifested by Archbishop Messmer, and his letters to the editors will remain among their treasured possessions.

Sherlock Holmes's Monument

IF BUSINESS were better and we ourselves had less of it, nothing should deter us from erecting a memorial to Sherlock Holmes. This in spite of the fact that his creator went off the road into spiritistic hazelbrush and that the downpour of mystery stories has grown so heavy that some can now be purchased for fifty cents (and it is not a bargain). The memorial should help to remind criminals that their clues can be discovered, and do at least as much for the philosophy of intuition as either a clever woman or Henri Bergson. It would also stress once again the salutary and humiliating fact that, like all human products, Sherlock is incomplete. This is brought out in a fine tribute to Conan Doyle which Christopher Morley publishes in the current Saturday Review. Mr. Morley comments on the unpublished adventures to which Dr. Watson occasionally alludes: "All Holmes-and-Watson lovers must have brooded sadly on the titles of those untold tales. 'The shocking affair of the Dutch steamship Friesland, which so nearly cost us both our lives,' the case of Wilson the notorious canary-trainer . . . the singular affair of the aluminum crutch, the Curious Experience of the Patterson Family in the Island of Uffa—these are some of the yarns we have had to do without; having only the melancholy assurance that the documents were safely on file in that famous dispatch box in the vaults of Cox's Bank at Charing Cross. Perhaps most of all I deplore that we never were told 'the story of the politician, the lighthouse, and the trained cormorant.' In this allusion we surely find Watson in a deliberately pawky vein.—We hoped against hope for some of these stories; we can never have them now."

Winston the Wise

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has been publicly meditating on the writing trade. A dozen years ago he was an author of very considerable active reputation, based on a more than respectable achievement; he was also a careful and devoted workman, who "used to take two or three years writing a book," and who got genuine delight from the exercise of his craft. Yet he has relinquished both the kudos and the activity with well-bred calm. Recognizing that "there is a certain trend in art today," and that "if I am not working along that particular line, my work is not considered of particular importance—at the moment, at least," he has occupied himself contentedly in this long interval with carpentry and painting. "I get more fun this way," he says. There is neither self-depreciation nor wounded self-importance in his renouncement. He disposes of his later, disappointing novels very frankly: "I realize now that I have no deep interest in sociology." On the other hand, as becomes the author of such sound historical romances as The Crisis, and Richard Carvel, he doubts that all changes in taste are necessarily progress. "One change is probably as good as another, but the world becomes too much a slave of the present mode, forgetting there ever was another." Besides containing an excellent short history of letters, these tranquil and temperate words contain a really admirable wisdom. To respect one's own work, and yet to lay up an adze and a palette against the time when one's vogue must pass, is success in any writer short of supreme genius.

Strange Adventure of Venus

THE home town of the Reverend Billy Sunday, a harmless midwestern hamlet, has made the news in a story which provokes our curiosity. It appears that a statue of the Venus de Milo, the gift of some well-wisher or moneyed citizen, stands there in a public square. It further appears that a lady visitor from Chicago was so shocked by it that she planted, or caused to be planted, poison ivy at its base. The vine—secured from attack, presumably, by its own untouchable malignancy—was to grow upward and provide the statue with what one of the news stories called "green pajamas." But the citizens felt otherwise. They pointed out that they had a natural and autochthonous moral mentor in Mr. Sunday, and that, as Mr. Sunday had not objected to the Venus, she must be, by the severest existing standards, unobjectionable; and they ordered the fire department to hose off the veiling vine. Which was accordingly done. The more obvious questions—as to whom you could get to plant poison ivy, or why a denizen of Chicago should be shocked at anything—pale beside the simple and sufficient and final query that suddenly leaps out from these facts: Why should anyone want to clothe the Venus de Milo? She is already clothed.

As It Should Be

NEWS that the Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara has been named Bishop of Little Falls, Montana, will deeply please all those who have known and admired his great work in behalf of the Catholic rural population. Starting from scratch, Father O'Hara rapidly became one of the nation's important sociologists and blended careful study of major problems with wide scrutiny of actual conditions. He has displayed notable gifts of public and pastoral leadership. And though it is a long way to Little Falls and hard, pioneer work is ahead of any bishop stationed there, one thinks that the new episcopal dignity brings both initiative and incentive. This being the first time that a regular contributor to The Commonweal has become a member of the hierarchy we consider it something of a red-letter occasion.

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THE DINNER PAIL

AMONG the curious by-products of Mr. Matthew Woll's recent denunciation of trade with Soviet Russia is the tendency to foster a labor orthodoxy—a right theory of social and economic action which, it is hoped, will characterize the good Federationist. This is, of course, different from mere opposition to Communist principle. The reasons why Mr. Woll combats Moscow are many and sometimes excellent, but the ease with which he assumes that organized labor will support his effort to use government action as a means to an end is striking and novel. There is a well established tradition that American unionists do not believe in politics. All the old timers were so afraid of compulsory arbitration and the courts that they would not venture within a stone's throw of Washington. Little by little, however, this policy has been modified. In the present generation the Federation is the chief advocate of restricted immigration, one of the staunchest defenders of protection, and—so it would seem—an occasional proponent of monopoly. Indeed, Mr. Woll's advocacy of an embargo upon Russian products is essentially a daring effort to use protection as an instrument for reaching social goals of the greatest importance. In its way it is quite as stringent as the present Australian system, which virtually guarantees unionized workers against all competition.

Behind this drift there exists, of course, the ideal and practice of high wages. The economic history of our country during recent years is written in terms of steadily enlarging dinner pails. To those who have lived long enough to recall how things were previous to the war, the scale of wages and prices then obtaining seems almost incredible. Good bricklayers made as much as five dollars a day; and a farmer could get a hired man who was not particularly strict about quitting time for thirty dollars a month. Today we have not merely a different scale but a different popular conception of the pay envelope ideal. This last has been variously defined. Sometimes it is known as the "security wage," which emphasizes the workingman's opportunity to lay aside a part of his earnings to take care of emergencies; again it is the "purchasing power wage," which stresses the circumstance that a man with money in his pocket embraces opportunities to spend it for things which, in their turn, can be produced at a rate which makes possible good dividends.

Can this ideal be upheld? Or does the effort to defend it involve extreme measures like those recently advocated by Mr. Woll? In its issue of August 4 the New York World devoted an interesting editorial to the topic. The background, we are told, is constituted by recurrent clashes between labor and capital most of which were settled by the law of supply and demand. After 1921, however, a law restricting immigration went into effect, to be followed almost immediately by a downpour of employers' propaganda claiming that prosperity could not return until labor had agreed to accept a deflated pay envelope. But industry began to pick up nevertheless and the "boom" grew steadily more pronounced. Then, says the World, something else happened. Employers found out that the increased purchasing power of better paid workers was creating a new army of consumers, and many of them ardently advocated the policy of high wages. Moreover the effect upon industrial engineering was extraordinary, since improved equipment was needed to keep down production costs. Even today there is no marked drift among capitalists to oppose the trend and revive the old era of low wages. "The determination of representative captains of industry to maintain wage scales is," we are told, "one of the best assurances of a business revived on a sound basis as soon as demand and supply are brought into a better alignment." Organized labor seems to have accepted this determination as an article of the American creed.

On the other hand, it is increasingly obvious that the ideal thus sponsored is no panacea. The number of workers who can profit noticeably by the system is limited, and the effect of technological advances upon employment is obvious. Either we shall have to develop new and profitable industrial enterprises, or we shall have to accept as an unavoidable circumstance the steady increase in number of the jobless. The labor Sunday message of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ stresses this point. Declaring that although "the high productive capacity of modern industry has created wealth" no answer to the problem of just distribution has been found, the message calls attention to obvious evils. An especially poignant wrong is that done to old, experienced workers who find that, for reasons inherent in machine production, youthful stamina is the only human quality upon which industry insists. "No more serious charge can be made against our generation," the Council declares, "than that it has been socially so blind and morally so callous that it has been unwilling to divert sufficient profits of modern industry to store up reserves for the protection of the unemployed and the security of the aged. It has insisted on the rights of property to dividends but has concerned itself too little with the rights of workers to security of employment and to protection in old age."

This problem, in which ethical, political and economic facts are so inextricably tangled, would seem to require more from the American Federation of Labor (and, of course, from American industry as a whole also) than it has hitherto received. The message from which we have quoted rightly believed that "it may not be in the province of the church to suggest detailed plans" of improvement. Nevertheless both labor and capital are in the church, and consciousness of ethical responsibility must be regarded as signs of their earnestness in clinging to that membership. That means willingness to tackle far more immediate and baffling questions than the one of our relationship to the Russian social order.

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THE ENCROACHING WORLD

By ELMER MURPHY

Perhaps the recent Congress might be described as a body which met to discuss the problem of American isolation. The government has been concerned with the tariff, with immigration, with missionary alien idealism. In the background are certain grave social facts and tendencies. "From an economic point of view, and to a lesser degree from a social viewpoint, the tendency toward equalization of conditions under which people work and live is as inevitable as the tendency of water to find a common level," says Mr. Murphy. His paper may not evoke agreement on all sides but it is suggestive.—The Editors.

THE Seventy-first Congress began its first session—now a matter of legislative history — by devising a measure to keep out of the United States the products of other countries and ended it by adopting a measure to keep out their people. By the tariff bill it essayed to safeguard the industry of the nation against economic changes and irregularities in other parts of the world. By the border patrol act it attempted to ward off social inequalities prevailing in other states.

Throughout its long deliberations the disquieting sense of the nearness of other peoples, their ways of living and of doing things and the economic and social problems which confront them, came to the surface of congressional discussion. It found expression in various measures to check the flow of immigration. It appeared in the misgivings over the naval treaty. It was reflected in apprehension over sagging foreign markets to which America looks with growing concern. Shadows cast by the encroaching world are, apparently, falling across the splendid isolation in which America has gloried, safe behind the ocean barriers which, until recently, have shielded it against the turmoil and alarms of old Europe and the strange peoples that come out of the still older Orient.

If Congress is to be taken at its word, the security of that older day, when other peoples and their troubles lay far beyond the horizon and the empty prairies provided illimitable elbow room for expansion, is done. The barriers which enabled the United States to keep to itself have crumbled. Europe is no longer separated from us by a more or less perilous voyage of a month or two. Strangers are clamoring at the gates—to come in or to send their goods in. Even far away Muscovy, half-brother to the mysterious East, carries a portentous threat of revolution and a special committee of the House of Representatives is following in this western hemisphere the sinuous thread of Communism which can be traced to the Kremlin.

The danger does not lie solely without. Industry, which for many years was able to follow only at the heels of the pioneers who were pushing westward the economic horizon, now has halted on the shores of the Pacific. Like Alexander it must look to other worlds and find other markets for the surpluses which threaten to block its advance. While some of our statesmen are trying by artificial means to safeguard American institutions against the corrosive effects of foreign influences and ideals—or lack of ideals—and to shield American industry against the economic crossfire of foreign competition, others are sounding a warning that if we wall in our own national dooryard, we are, by the same token, shutting off access to our neighbors'.

Some of the perturbation of Congress might be based on delusion and such exaggerated fears as have been let loose by the Ku Klux Klan and other 100-percent organizations. Nevertheless the dilemma is real enough to be a cause of national concern. From an economic viewpoint and, to a lesser degree, from a social viewpoint the tendency toward equalization of conditions in which peoples work and live is as inevitable as the tendency of water to find a common level. The backward countries feel more acutely the spur of progress. The forward countries cannot escape the drag of their halting neighbors. The phonograph breaks into the crooning murmur of the South Seas. The movies, the steamships, the railroads, the radio surmount the obstacles and bridge the gaps that lie between us and far corners of the world.

The opening of cotton mills in Osaka and Seoul is reflected in unemployment in Lancashire and New England. A scientific discovery in a Schenectady laboratory closes, perhaps, mines in the Urals or puts a blight upon East Indian plantations. A reduction of the wage rate in Belgium upsets the cement industry in America. The passing of the bobbed hair vogue in the United States might bring prosperity to the Chinese village that found its livelihood in making hair nets.

International social currents might move more sluggishly but they sweep relentlessly away from poverty and toward affluence. In their wake is deposited the detritus of ideas and customs from an alien source. The wine-drinker of Europe is anathema to the American Anti-saloon Leaguer. The Slav is suspected by the conservative capitalist as an enemy of the American industrial order. The Catholic is regarded as something of a menace by the Klansman because the Church to which he belongs is distorted by ignorance into something alien to America. The old idea of the melting pot has become as obsolete as Horace Greeley's slogan—"Go West, young man." The dreams of Congress are troubled by the spectre of foreign invasion.

Obviously the United States is becoming more and more a part of the international neghborhood and its affairs are projected in an international perspective. But Congress clings to the traditional isolation policy, so far as any consistent policy is apparent in its deliberations. It holds to the idea that if natural barriers

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no longer suffice to keep out the disturbing foreign influences, social and economic, that are lapping the national doorstep more persistently than ever before, artificial barriers must supplement. At any cost the United States must walk alone. Democracy, at least as reflected in the congressional attitude, is parochial.

The stranger is suspect. Much as has been said about the adaptability of individual Americans to an alien environment, they are as a body curiously suspicious of the foreigner. Congress has gradually tightened the barriers it has built around the country as improvements in transportation and communication have brought nearer the threat of foreign invasion. It began by debarring the heathen Chinese. The inscrutable Japanese were next kept aloof. Later, by the immigration law, the southern European was declared undesirable. Now it is proposed to keep out the Mexican and the Canadian. To make these decrees more effective the border patrol has been organized. The frontier between Canada and the United States, the invisibility of which attested the neighborliness between the two countries, is to be definitely marked by border guards. There is a hint of panic in other measures proposed in Congress to keep the alien under surveillance, to require him to register and to put him out of the country if he fails to conform to its ideals and customs. To these measures exception cannot be taken. Obviously a nation as well as an individual has the right to manage its domestic affairs as it chooses. If it decides to shut the door in the face of its neighbors, the gesture is at most ungracious. The neighbors can only swallow their pride and go their own ways.

But it is not so easy to shut the door on economic intrusions. Business cannot be enclosed in political compartments in spite of the traditional belief of Congress that the United States is economically self-contained. Markets are world-wide. A glut of coffee is reflected in a lagging demand in Brazil for the products of American factories. A reduction of the wage rate in Germany stiffens the competition which the American workman must meet. Economics, in other words, ignores national boundaries and border patrols. It is the antithesis of politics which is national and parochial. Besides, the closed door not only keeps out foreign products. It keeps domestic products in. The surpluses, according to Owen D. Young, constitute the most difficult problem confronting America. If the United States raises its own sugar, it must forego selling its hardware and machinery to Cuba. If Europe is to take its cotton and wheat, payment must be made in money or goods and if the goods are refused they must be sold elsewhere in competition with the products of American factories.

Deepening shadows cast by the encroaching world appear to have the effect only of spurring Congress to greater activity in rimming the country with defensive breastworks. Washington's counsel to hold aloof from the political maneuvering of the older countries has been applied more literally, perhaps, than he contemplated. The words alien and foreigner have been given almost a sinister significance and the tendency to crystallize the definition of the word American into rigid standards has gained impetus.

Politically the United States stands more firmly than ever by its tradition of isolation and exclusion. Economically it is finding itself more than ever a part of the international household. Postwar experience shattered the theory that prosperity was written in imposing trade balances. American business came to the conclusion that a prosperous purchaser was more desirable than a bankrupt competitor nation. It has since learned that the United States cannot escape the dismal effects of depression in Europe and other parts of the world. For this reason the Briand plan of an economic European concert of nations is regarded more with approval than alarm and the proposed trade union of the autonomous states of the British Empire arouses no great misgiving.

There is conflict between the congressional viewpoint and the viewpoint of the Chief Executive in this respect. Congress looks after local interests. The President considers national interests. It might be the part of wisdom for the United States to buy sugar from Cuba, where it can be grown much more economically than elsewhere, and sell its manufactured products to Cuba. But the member of Congress is interested in local industry and not in foreign trade. He will exert himself to throw the mantle of protection around the beet farms and the cane plantations in the South and do nothing at all to add to the prestige of the United States in foreign markets. Increasing productivity has brought the larger corporations face to face with the problem of maintaining access to foreign markets to get rid of the threatening surpluses and this cannot be done by building a wall around the domestic market. The currents of trade cannot flow continuously in one direction.

The problems growing out of the closing in of the encircling world are many and intricate. More and more persistently they are clamoring for solution. International horizons are shrinking. The airplane, wireless and improved steamship facilities have, in effect, brought almost to the national doorstep countries once lost in the haze of distance. The smoke of British, Belgian and German factories blows across the American sky. Streams of national culture mingle.

Congress has met the situation by raising the barriers which stem the tide but the task of warding off foreign encroachments of one kind or another is becoming increasingly difficult. Pressure from without is supplemented by the expansion within. The national doctrine of self-sufficiency rests upon a precarious basis and there is danger of nurturing our prejudices in going to extremes in safeguarding our virtues. In any event the time does not appear far distant when the United States must determine, as a matter of national policy, what course it will take in living with its international neighbors. It cannot avoid them much longer.

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Places and Persons

SAHARAN SANCTITY

By ROBERT DU CHALIEU

AFTER a stiff fortnight of desert duty the Spahi troop of which I was second in command was enjoying a deserved rest in In-Salah, an Arabian hamlet strategically important because it is the intersection point of various caravan routes.

It was late in the afternoon. While part of the sky was red with the haze of sunset, the stars already shone brightly on the eastern horizon. I gave a last glance at the long rows of tethered horses munching peacefully under the porches of a dilapidated caravanseraj and at the troopers who were busy around the kettles steaming on a score of fires, and walked slowly toward the oasis which separated the troop's quarters from the village proper. I had barely reached a clearing behind the first grove of palm trees when I saw a slim, sunburned rider, the bare toes of his sandaled feet sticking out from the stirrups and a monk's frock flapping in the breeze, smartly leading one of the troop's horses above a rough steeplechase composed of a crumbling net of low mud walls. While as a cavalryman I admired the remarkable skill of the rider, I did not think the man could possibly be a priest because, apart from the fact that there were no Christian clergymen in Moslem In-Salah, priests as a rule are not trained to strenuous feats of horsemanship. After all, the frock of a monk is much like a gandourah, and the skull cap that the rider wore far back on his head was similar to the peculiar headwear of the Saharan shepherds. I became convinced that a trooper had illegally loaned one of our mounts to a sporting Moslem of the neighborhood.

I was about to hail the rider and order him to dismount when Ali ben Abad, veteran top sergeant of our outfit, emerged from behind a huge palm tree.

"Ali," I asked sternly, "who is that man? Who gave him one of our chargers?"

Ali snapped to attention and replied with a tinge of reproach in his voice:

"But Sidi, he is a very holy man. He is F'caldji, the mrbet."

I knew too much about mrbets (Arabian for marabouts) to like them. My experience had taught me that the scanty resources of every Arabian community were invariably devoted to keeping in extravagant comfort these Moslem soothsayers, hermits and priests, who paradoxically unite an unlimited greed to the supine ataraxia of their creed. But I refrained from venting my anger, for an outraged mrbet is bound to become a preacher of revolt in the desert.

The horseman had noticed our conversation and Ali's embarrassed attitude. He gradually brought the horse to a trot and came toward us.

"I hope you will forgive a former officer of the Chasseurs d'Afrique who felt the urge of going through the exercises in which he indulged in his youth," he said smiling. "I prevailed on my old acquaintance Ali to lend me a horse. I am Brother Foucauld."

I stammered that the whole troop was his for the asking. That night Père Foucauld was a guest at our mess. I had ample time to notice the intense magnetism of his personality; but what impressed me most was that his every word had weight and meaning, learning and significance. He was at that time a resident of the Hoggar and was on his way to fulfil his biennal duty of reporting for instructions to Algiers, to the Trappist friar who is in charge of the Saharan regions as prothonotary apostolic; which incidentally meant a round trip of forty days, most of it by camel.

I will not speak of the scientific and philological achievements of the vicomte de Foucauld, both as a soldier of France and as a minister of God; a brief article would prove inadequate to such an undertaking. I will rather relate the occasion of his first becoming interested in the Touareg, as it was told me by an eye-witness, the late Captain Bertone of the First Foreign regiment.

Bertone's company had been detailed to put the fear of the French administration into the hearts of a semi-nomad Arabian tribe whose camps, scattered about a region of twenty square miles in the southeastern zone of In-Salah, had refused to pay the yearly tax mark of their submission. As was his habit, Père Foucauld had joined the column as volunteer chaplain.

During the grey hour that preceded the dawn of the fourth day of desert duty, a score of horsemen seemed to materialize from the mist enveloping a distant dune. The sentries shouted the alarm, but before the soldiers could overcome the numbness of sleep and muster some sort of array, the tribesmen were on them like a cyclone. Veteran soldiers of the Foreign Legion are not easily routed. Having no time to dress, they hastily buckled their ammunition belts over their naked bodies. They refrained from shooting to avoid hitting each other, but they attacked the raiders from every side, swinging their guns as clubs or bringing into play their long triangular bayonets. The men with whom they had to deal were tall, muscular Touareg, past masters in the use of the takouba or two-handed sword, and of the allar, the peculiar lance of solid iron three yards long that the Touareg inherit from the ancient Celtiberians. Luckily the legionnaires outnumbered them six to one.

In the brief and frenzied mêlée that ensued fourteen tribesmen and twenty soldiers were killed or sorely

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wounded. The remaining Touareg turned their horses about and galloped under a hail of bullets to where they had left tethered their white racing camels—the meharas, which can run twice as fast as a horse, keep up the pace for a day at a time, and subsist for half a week without food or drink. Abandoning the horses which they use only in actual combat, they mounted the meharas and rode away at top speed.

Père Foucauld had barely administered the last rites to a couple of dying legionnaires when he was attracted by a commotion centering around an upturned tent. One of the Touareg who up to that moment had lain unconscious under a dead horse was coming to his senses. He was wounded and the blood drenched his blue tunic. Père Foucauld interfered just in time to stop a legionnaire from finishing the Targui with his bayonet, and stooped to help the wounded tribesman crawl from beneath his dead horse. Later, when Foucauld opened the tunic of the Targui to attend to his wound, his eyes fell on a strange necklace surrounding the brawny neck of the captive. The string which pierced and kept together the worn golden disks composing the necklace was a modern cord of soft camel hair; but some of the disks preserved ancient Celtic characters, which the centuries had only partly smoothed away.

The tamashek, or spoken idiom of the Touareg, is a Berber dialect similar in many respects to those spoken in some parts of Morocco and Tunisia. During his youth Père Foucauld had lived for many years in Morocco and he was able to question the tribesman.

"Where did you find that necklace?" he asked.

"My forefathers wore it when Taniteh ruled," the Targui replied.

"Tanit, the moon goddess of Carthage whom the Celtic mercenaries of the Suffetes learned to worship when Rome was young!" Père Foucauld mused aloud. "Then it is true that when the Carthaginians, who no longer needed them, drove their mercenaries to die in the desert, the straggling Aryan warriors finally found a haven in the valleys of the Ahaggar. Most likely their descendants imposed their customs on the Berbers who escaped to the Ahaggar when the Arabian hordes swarmed over Tunisia. I understand why the Touareg are monogamous, why they do not seclude their women but on the contrary admit them to tribal councils."

From that moment Foucauld became so interested in the Touareg nation that he finally decided to take up with his old friend, the then Colonel Laperrine, the project of entering the Ahaggar and settling there. Laperrine did not raise any difficulty. That hero and builder of the Saharan empire of France had the enthusiastic soul of a knight of old. He thoroughly understood Foucauld and knew his potentialities.

"I am sure that you will act tactfully among the veiled tribesmen," he answered. "You will find them less antagonistic than the Arabs, because the Touareg are by no means strict Moslems. Did you notice that they wear great red and white Saint Andrew's crosses on their shields and garments? About the sixth century the Touareg fervently embraced the Christian faith, which had been brought among them by Byzantine missionaries. They continued most zealous Christians until, nine centuries later, they were forced to accept the Moslem creed to avoid being exterminated by a confederation of fanatical Arabian tribes. Today they are Moslems in name and agnostics in fact."

Foucauld went to make his home in Tamanr'asset, in the southeastern region of the Ahaggar or Hoggar. Tamanr'asset is a valley throughout which are scattered a few Touareg tents. The retreat which the Touareg, who at once befriended Foucauld, carved for him into the rock was perched near the top of Mount Asekcem, about sixteen hundred feet above the valley. From that lonely abode the fame and the influence of Foucauld grew so strong that his advice was sought even by the chief of chiefs, Moussa ag Amastane, and by Dassine, Moussa's beloved cousin and the leading woman of the Ahaggar.

Yet Foucauld did not attempt to preach Christianity to the veiled tribesmen. He realized perhaps that if he had done so at first the Touareg would have found it almost impossible to understand him, benighted as they were by centuries of Moslem influence and by the complete isolation of the thousands of miles of desert wastes surrounding them on all sides. But the devotion which carried him daily on long journeys to minister to the ailing, and the prestige of his blameless life, found a warm response in the heart of the Touareg.

One day a lieutenant of the meharisti, or camel corps, brought a message from the commander of the zone of the oasis of the Sahara to the Amenokal Moussa. Moussa received him kindly and took advantage of the circumstance to praise warmly "F'caldji, the holy man." The lieutenant was a rough soldier endowed with a practical military skill but by no means overburdened with brains.

"Your people are forsaking one superstition for another," he said crudely. "For many years you listened to the mollahs; you are now falling under the influence of a Christian priest."

If Moussa had been a fanatical Moslem instead of a barbaric but intelligent leader, these words would have caused Foucauld's death. Instead the Amenokal who knew about Christian priests only the desecrations chanted by the mollahs and the marabouts, grew worried about Foucauld, his adviser and friend. He undertook the long journey separating the Taitoq country where he resided from the Tamanr'asset valley, with the purpose of asking Foucauld if the words of the lieutenant were true. Foucauld replied that he was a Christian and a priest, and poor Moussa was at once seized with sorrow for what the beyond had in store for his friend.

"The man was telling the truth, you are a Christian!" he shouted in despair. "But then all your austerities, all your good deeds and virtues, will not help you any in your next life!"

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"Moussa," Foucauld replied, "if I have done any good among your people it is only because my God, the true God, has assisted me."

Moussa bowed his head. He spent two days with Foucauld in the retreat of Mount Asakcem. Several commissioned officers of the Nineteenth Corps firmly believe that in those days Moussa learned Christianity and embraced it. There is no definite proof that such a thing happened. Of course Foucauld or Moussa could not have spoken of it without giving a deadly blow to Moussa's political power. But it is a fact that from that time Moussa dealt more leniently with the Imrads, or low-caste Touareg, and with his slaves. He even disbanded his concubines.

The world war came and the Turks and their henchmen, the Senoussi, decided to stir up trouble in the French Sahara. The fanatical and ruthless Sultan Ahmed el Shereef, supreme chief of the Senoussi, closely watched Touareg affairs from his stronghold of Tripolitan Fezzan. He knew that Foucauld had grown indignant at the high-handed manner of dealing with Imrads and slaves that prevailed among the Kel-'Relas, the ruling Touareg caste. But the break expected by Ahmed failed to materialize. The Kel'Relas were rather hurt than incensed by Foucauld's efforts. Accustomed to the law of violence ruling the Sahara, they considered that they had the right to deal with their subjects as they pleased, but they loved and admired Foucauld too much to feel angry. In fact they thought that in time he would grow tired of his opposition, and they left him alone.

Probably the motive of Foucauld's murder was to direct suspicion at the rulers of the Touareg tribes. This dastardly plan to create ill feeling between the French and the veiled tribesmen miscarried, because the emissaries who slew Père Foucauld in a gloomy night of December, 1916, neglected to make sure that his servant was dead too. This poor wretch survived long enough to say that he had heard the murderers shout at each other in the harsh dialect of Fezzan. As a result the Senoussi drive of a few months later was met by the Touareg led by a handful of French officers, and encountered a complete disaster.

Foucauld's remains were buried near his abode, towering above the valley of Tamanr'asset. Three years later the body of General Laperrine who had died stranded near a battered airplane in the Tanazerouft desert was carried to the Ahaggar. The two great Saharans were laid to rest side by side under an obelisk bearing both their sculptured likenesses.

Foucauld's tomb became in time an object of pilgrimage among the Touareg. They swear, I do not know with how much truth, that men afflicted by ill-mended wounds or incurable diseases were miraculously healed after calling for relief to Père Foucauld near his grave. This should have been a matter of rejoicing. It might have been instrumental in reviving among the veiled tribes that Christian conviction which ruled their ancestors and which, apart from religious considerations, would certainly be a force of reaction against the stagnant influence of Mohammedanism. Yet the French authorities have lately ordered the removal of Foucauld's body. This has grieved the Touareg greatly; even haughty Akhmouk, the present Amenokal and heir of Moussa, cried when he heard it.

This decision of the French Ministry of the Colonies is the result of a postwar hysteria that is rendering French Northern Africa a difficult country to live in for those who are not Mohammedan.

During the world war, thousands of Arabian and Negro Moslem soldiers were sent to France and fought bravely against the Germans. It is doubtful, however, if their gallant behavior had anything to do with a sincere feeling of love toward France. Arabs and North African blacks will always fight for those who are strong enough to force them to do so. It is the law of the desert. Its truth is proved by the numberless tribesmen, subjects of France, who a few years ago joined Mehmed Abd el Krim, leader of the Riffs, as soon as that African Napoleon won initial successes at the expense of a large number of French battalions.

The veteran white soldiers of the Nineteenth Corps, the millions of southern French, Spaniards, Italians who, having settled in Algeria and Tunisia have rendered those provinces prosperous, warn against the dangers of an excessive pro-Moslem policy. But their protests are sneered at by most of the members of the French Parliament. Those enthusiastic irresponsibles cannot see anything else than the Arabian and Negro contribution to the mighty struggle of the world war; they feel indebted to the Moslems and sympathize with them, chiefly because they know little about them.

They are the rulers and they have the power. They are planning to give to the Mohammedan hordes of Algeria and Tunisia a full electoral and administrative equality with the industrious white colonizers.

The removal of the body of Père Foucauld, priest, scientist and martyr, is a flourish of homage to Moslem North Africa in general and in particular to the Bedouins who hem in from every side the white and formerly Christian stronghold of the Ahaggar.

Psalm for a Morning

The Lord openeth the door of my sleep, and biddeth me to enter the day therefrom.
He greeteth my step with the grass, and appointeth mine eyes with a landscape of trees.
He maketh me to stand in the cities of the birds' songs to the morning:
He causeth the season of my path to be one of all seasons, and the old leaf at the roots he maketh forgot.
He draweth forth my heart like a dove, and causeth it to precede me toward the house of His Word, wherein I shall dwell.
Surely His is the hand which shall undo the latches of my sleep in the grave.

R. Ellsworth Larsson.

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MANILA AND ENGLISH

By MARIE L. DARRACH

CONGRESS has repeatedly rejected the appeal of the Filipinos for independence. Our legislators at Washington are of the opinion that they have not yet reached their majority politically and economically. Those best acquainted with conditions in the Islands are agreed that Congress is absolutely right. It will be years before the Philippines can be accredited as a nation capable of controlling its affairs without protection and supervision.

Why the Filipinos still fail to qualify as citizens of a self-governed country, when for thirty years their American guardians have been diligently instructing them in the principles and ideals of democracy, puzzles those who are academically or sentimentally interested in the question of their independence. That this knowledge has been imparted in the public schools of the Philippine Islands solely through the medium of English would seem to them the last reason in the world for the retarded political and economic growth of the natives. But to those who have viewed the situation from the vantage point of Manila, rather than in perspective from any one of our United States, it is obvious that the main reason for the failure of the Filipinos to measure up to the standard of citizenship demanded by Congress is to be found in the despotic language restriction imposed upon them from the first by the government of the United States.

In 1901, when the United States made its arresting dramatic gesture to bestow our mother tongue on a benighted people, articulate only in a jumble of Malayan dialects, I went to Manila on the same transport which carried the 1,000 young college graduates from this country, who were to put into effect the educational program of reconstruction endorsed by the authorities at Washington. For several years I shared the vicissitudes of these pedagogic pioneers. Many of them suffered incredible privation in primitive environments, miles from the capital of Manila; some of them died as the result of hardship; but the majority gave uninterrupted service during the term of their contract with the Insular Department of Education, and a few are still there wrestling with the present problem of maintaining our language policy in the face of a Filipinized teaching personnel out of sympathy with it.

After returning to this country my interest in the educational situation in the Islands was continued through correspondence with these teachers who had remained, and in 1913 I revisited the scene of their early labors. On this occasion I was thrilled by the sound of my native tongue. It fell on my ears wherever I turned in Manila. I was a bit surprised, however, to find it oratorical rather than conversational, even on the lips of the humblest native. My embarrassments were frequent when the Filipino houseboys used English terms so unfamiliar that I had to look them up surreptitiously in the dictionary. The shopkeepers and carromato drivers had an amazing assortment of words obviously chosen because of their length, and though they employed this heterogeneous vocabulary with commendable correctness of pronunciation and inflection, it was with a grandiloquence demanding gestures and with far more interest in cadence than in meaning. However, I departed with a feeling that, so far as pronunciation, grammatical construction and inflection were concerned, English in the Philippines was faring very well indeed.

Less than two years ago I returned from another trip to the Islands. It was dedicated for the most part to visiting schools, interviewing teachers and assembling educational data. I found that during the fifteen years which had elapsed since I had last heard my native tongue in the Philippines, it had become mutilated to such an extent that it was well-nigh unrecognizable, and the natives were speaking a mongrel language referred to jocularly throughout the Orient as "bamboo English." My conclusion from what I saw, and more particularly from what I heard, is that the Islands are now a veritable linguistic battleground where English —still an alien tongue—is struggling for supremacy with Tagalog, the one husky Filipino dialect which has risen to combat it.

It is my contention that if, from the time of our occupation, Tagalog instead of English had been made the basis of public instruction, the Islands would not still be completely lacking in an educated public opinion, and the natives would not still be unprepared to assume the responsibility of national independence.

The first rudiments of learning are acquired in childhood in the home, through the vernacular or mother tongue. In its second stage it is continued as education in the school in the language of public instruction, and after school it is carried on in the vernacular which is the language of the community. It is axiomatic that the vernacular is the ideal instrument of education because it is the tongue of the home and the community, so when the United States insinuated a foreign language into the second period by making English the sole medium of instruction in the primary and secondary schools in the Philippines, it broke the normal continuity in the evolution of learning.

There were several reasons why the American executives of the new insular government decided that English and not the vernacular should be the language of public instruction. For one thing, they were greatly influenced by the attitude of the Americans who had remained in the Islands after the close of the war, and who were bursting with a spirit of uplift generated by their first actual contact with a primitive people. Their

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desire to make a great English-speaking race of what they supposed were savages was irresistible, and their eagerness to educate Filipinos was like that of missionaries clamoring to save heathen souls. To begin immediately on the work of educating the natives of the Philippines along the lines of American standards and ideals was the insistent demand of these zealots. The logical evolution of learning meant nothing to them. The suggestion that American teachers should first learn a native dialect through the medium of which they might impart the precious knowledge inherited from Anglo-Saxon ancestors and forebears who had created democracies was scorned because it would necessitate delay. Also, those volunteering their services as teachers demurred at the handicap of having to use a strange tongue for exposition in the classroom.

This argument—decked out in the usual habiliments of patriotism—influenced the military commanders and members of the Philippine Commission to a superlative degree, but they were also convinced from an academic survey of educational conditions under the Spanish régime that the dialect situation in the Islands was hopeless. Through the fortunes of war, 10,000,000 Filipinos had become our wards. Divided as they were into about forty tribes, each speaking its own dialect, they had neither national unity nor a common tongue. Spanish had never become the universal speech medium of the Islands though Spain had ruled them for three centuries. In fact, outside of Manila a very small minority of the natives either spoke or understood it. The American insular government realized that the first step toward national organization must be the development of a common tongue, as without it no solidarity, intellectual growth or economic progress would be possible. But with so many dialects there seemed no possibility of agreement among the natives as to which one should be chosen. The choice of one might create ill-feeling among the tribes, and cause resentment against their American conquerors. It was this phase of the situation, more than any other perhaps, which caused the Commission to decide that English should be the language of public instruction.

But 2,000,000 people speaking a dialect as good as Tagalog has proved to be, were deserving of more consideration than they received on this occasion. And it is altogether probable that if there had been any impassioned leader, with vision approximating the dead patriot Rizal, or even with the oratorical ability of the native statesmen now pleading for their country's independence in Washington, to stand out for the adoption of Tagalog, their claim might have been recognized.

For a considerable period after the expiration of the contracts of the original 1,000 teachers, others were sent out regularly to take the places of those returning home. But as time went on it became increasingly difficult to recruit college graduates who were willing to go as far and endure so many hardships for the small salary appropriated by the insular treasury. And even normal graduates and those holding special certificates became more and more reluctant about dedicating two years of their lives to teaching English in the Philippines. In consequence the scholastic requirements for instructors in the insular schools were gradually lowered. This shrinkage in the supply and deterioration in the quality of the American teaching personnel would never have reduced English speech to the low estate to which it has fallen in the Philippines if other disintegrating forces had not been at work. But what has happened up that alley has nothing to do with the fact that the Filipinos are still unfit for self-government. It is an entirely different story, and simply furnishes the reason why "bamboo English," as mongrel a dialect as either pidgin English or babu English, for which the British are responsible in China and India, is now being spoken in the Philippine archipelago instead of the pure Anglo-Saxon tongue with which we planned to endow them.

Tagalog, the Visayan, the Ilocano, the Malay and the Javenese are sister tongues, closely related, like the Romantic group—Italian, Spanish and French. An educated Tagalog from Batangas and an educated Visayan from Cebú can understand each other in a short time and without much effort. A Cebú student living in Manila can acquire a working knowledge of Tagalog in three months; and Tagalogs, Malays and Javanese of the better class find much in common in their language and folk-lore. Three regional vernaculars for elementary and secondary instruction with our democratic literature translated into each, and with our teachers trained to interpret the ideals of democracy through the medium of these dialects, would have been the logical method of combating ignorance, abolishing illiteracy, and inculcating the principles of government, when we took over the Philippine Islands. The study of English as a foreign language could then have been made compulsory in all grades. But serving the masses in so simple a manner was not the idea uppermost in the minds of American uplifters in 1899. There is little doubt that it would have been more difficult to impose Tagalog on the teachers, so they could use it as the medium of instruction in the classroom, than to have converted the Visayans, Ilocanos and other tribes to its understanding and use. But be that as it may, the experiment of using Tagalog in the public schools has never been tried.

Our system of education did not create the three distinct classes found in the Philippines today. They vary only slightly from the groups which existed during the Spanish régime: the well-educated "illustrados" forming a little larger and perhaps a more political-minded aggregation than were found when we took possession of the country, but just as cultured then as now; the second class, unintelligent, semi-illiterate natives, with a smattering of English acquired in the primary and secondary schools; the third class, which has no political significance, and has been entirely unaffected by our intensive educational campaign made up

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of millions of pagans and Christians scattered through all the islands of the archipelago, totally ignorant from the point of view of the other two groups, and still speaking in the vernacular of their tribes.

In accounting for the retarded political and economic growth of the Filipinos, which shows them still as citizens in embryo, there is never any suggestion in this country that our arbitrary language policy has handicapped them. But it is the opinion of educators in Manila, who thoroughly agree with Congress in denying them independence, that they would have been better prepared to meet the test of citizenship by this time, if Tagalog had been the language of public instruction, instead of English, during these thirty years of American occupation.

It is also true that there would be fewer "educated" Filipinos seeking "white collar" jobs in Manila, and a larger number of intelligent farmers in the provinces and articulate laborers in the barrios.

OBERAMMERGAU

By JAMES J. WALSH

LAST week-end we were making our way northward from Venice over the Brenner Pass to Innsbruck, through the beautiful Tyrolese Alps. Usually trains are very comfortable in this part of the world, especially since the war, and seats in the compartments ensure agreeable travel even though traveling companions may be somewhat broadly gifted by nature and good eating. But then every through train was crowded, with passengers standing in the aisles even for long distances. There were all sorts of people and a multiplicity of languages was heard. The trip was uncomfortably hot, but everyone took the discomfort with good humor as real pilgrims bent on a mission that might be expected to demand some self-sacrifice. We were all on our way to the Passion Play.

We were going to a little Tyrolese village where for some three hundred years the villagers have been giving the dramatic story of the Passion of the Lord in fulfilment of a vow made in the hope of relief from a plague which had been carrying off the inhabitants of the village for some months. A physician would be likely to think of it as some form of influenza which has been with us for several thousand years, recurring every generation. It began its ravages in the late fall, according to the story, and ceased—either through prayer or better weather—about the end of Lent, the following spring, just after the first presentation of the play.

There are those who say that religion is dwindling in its influence over men in our day, but here were over five thousand people closing in on the little town of Oberammergau for the next rendition of the Passion Play some three hundred years later. Already nearly a dozen presentations had been given this year, and there will be several score more, but several weeks ahead all of the 5,300 seats for the Sunday performance are sold and the play is to be repeated on Monday because there are so many clamoring for tickets. It would seem as though everybody who went to Europe this year felt the trip incomplete without the experience of Oberammergau. Even people of the nearby German cities find it difficult to secure seats.

We were all wondering as we drew near, what the little town of some three thousand people would do with more than thrice its usual population during the week end from Saturday at supper time till breakfast on Monday, which is the conventional stay of the visitors for the play. One thing was impressed upon us, that this was no mere dramatic spectacle that was drawing the crowd. Deeper feelings were apparent and it was clear that most visitors were intent on an almost religious observance.

The little town took marvelously good care of us. We all came away persuaded that happiness can come into the lives of the simple and humble that may be missed in the busy haunts of the sophisticated. Oberammergau left an unforgettable memory.

The first surprise, especially for those who had been there before, was the simple, supremely impressive new auditorium and stage provided for this occasion. With the Tyrolese mountains for a background seen above the proscenium, it was easy to be transported in spirit to the Judean hills. The crowd was all seated to the moment and marvelously still, though they sat through three and a half hours in the morning and more than that in the afternoon. To understand just what this silent immobility meant, one could have to have been at Mass in the village church at six o'clock that Sunday morning. The large Baroque church of the seventeenth century was crowded to the doors and out into the neighboring churchyard. The old church made a wonderful setting for a devout crowd of worshipers that came not only for Mass but for Communion. Railing after railing was filled, so that surely one half of those who attended the play received Communion. This spectacle gave the note of preparation for the Passion Play better than anything else. It was proof that the occasion was no mere theatrical spectacle but an act of heartfelt devotion. The profound feelings of this nucleus of spectators spread unconsciously to all others.

Some idea of the devotional quality of the presentation may be given by a few words about especially impressive parts of the play. The supreme moment of the morning was that which followed the words: "This is My Body. Do this for a commemoration of Me." The silence that settled down for some moments over the vast crowd could almost be felt. Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, believers and unbelievers joined for a moment, it seemed, in an act of supreme worship. There was a true lifting up of hearts to higher things. The parting of the Blessed Virgin with her Son left scarcely a dry eye in the house. Mary's poignant words, "Mein Sohn," just when the audience had come to realize how near was the tragedy ahead, sent a thrill through hearts, that was not theatrical but deeply religious. The Crucifixion and the successive last words were so deeply impressive that audible sighs of sympathy could be heard, yet with a suppression that made them almost breathless. When the tragedy of Calvary was completed there was a sense of relief for, after all, it was a "happy fault" that led to it.

Criticism of the acting seems to those deeply impressed with the devotional character of the rendition almost lacking in reverence. I had seen the Passion Play in 1900, and in discussing this year's presentation with Peter Rendl, this year's Peter, and the John of 1900, I was quite frank in saying that comparison seemed odious. One was quite as impressive as the other. There is a glamor of reminiscence about Anton Lang, the distinguished prologuist of this year, who in 1900 played Christus for the first time. Alois Lang, the Christus of this year, was extremely satisfying and was the equal of Anton Lang that first time, though perhaps not the seasoned Christus of the latter's rendition of the character in 1922. Practically everyone proclaims the Judas of this year, Guido Mayr, the

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best actor of the play, but it seems to me that not a little of the very favorable impression which he produces is due to the audience's sympathy with the character he portrays. In the middle-ages at the mystery plays, they used to scoff and jeer at Judas. But that attitude of mind no longer prevails, for many of us feel our relationship to Judas and, conscious of being traitors ourselves, we feel deeply for him in his remorse and eventual despair. Guido Mayr gives a magnificent rendition, and the character helps to make him, after Christus, the outstanding figure of the play. Mary Magdalen is another character that excites sympathy, but not even this year's Magdalen would be thought greater than that of Bertha Wolf of thirty years ago. At that time I stopped for the week-end at the house of her parents, and found her a simple village girl for whom the rehearsing of the play had brought out depths of character that would otherwise have been quite latent.

Those who came to the play favorably disposed felt deeply the religious lessons of it. As I went out, a priest, a college professor for many years, a writer and teacher of distinction, said to me: "That was as good as a week's retreat." In anticipation eight hours of attention had seemed tedious and many Catholics were persuaded that their familiarity with the story would permit them to leave for a while during the performance and return to take up the thread a little later. But we became so wrapt up in the old, old story as it impressively unfolded itself in the speech and action of the villagers, that we never thought of the time or of fatigue. During the midday intermission there was a distinct sense of recollection noteworthy in nearly all the attendants on the play. It was as if they felt that while the relief afforded by the interval was gracious, it must not be permitted to break the sense of the reality of the tragedy of Calvary that was being enacted.

For anyone who wants to understand the origin of modern drama in Church ceremonial, which developed into the mystery plays in the middle-ages, the secret is here. It is easy to comprehend how the simpler people of the older time were deeply impressed by presentations of the Bible story by their fellows. The Oberammergau play proves by historical research to come from the middle-ages. What an amusing historical error lies in the suggestion that the Bible was kept from the people when the story of it was so impressively presented even for those who could not read, by these old time plays given in many different places throughout Europe. The simplest minded, even the children, must have learned their Scripture in unforgettable fashion. The drama has degenerated from its high origin, but surely the spectacle presented by the crowding thousands who are making their way to Oberammergau this year make it clear that the salvation of dramatics for the modern world will come not from destructive criticism, but from definite efforts to present in true dramatic literary form the old Christian principles of living which have deep human appeal at all times.

There seems no doubt that the Oberammergau play is going to be a far greater success this year than ever before. Everywhere throughout Europe people are talking of it, even in gay Paris and busy London, as well as the less important cities. Travelers of all kinds are either coming from or going to it. Interest in religion dying! Christianity dwindling in its appeal! No such expressions are justified in view of the interest that the humble woodcarvers of the little Tyrolese town have aroused in the world of our day and above all among the intellectual folk of our generation. Christ's own words were that when He should be lifted up on the Cross, He would draw all men to Him, and this is eminently exemplified in the widespread appeal the Passion Play has for people of our time.

COMMUNICATIONS

FEED MY LAMBS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The direct appreciation of what I wrote under this title by M. A. Walsh is flattering, and I thank him. But I am particularly pleased with the criticism of Reverend J. J. Laux, of Covington, Ky., for he has endorsed in detail, with a lively warmth, of which I am incapable, the very principle I tried to express. "We were never asked," he says, "to memorize a single answer until that answer had been made as plain to us as human language could make it." Father Laux's pastor chose, as we did, "to unfold to the child's delighted gaze the philosophy of man's creation and *then* to crystallize it into words which the child could carry to life's end"; to crystallize it, as I had expressed it before, "into the exact words of the catechism." If that pastor is still living, I should like to know him.

A short magazine article cannot be an exhaustive treatise. Father Laux introduces another principle in education, which is, at least, as important as the one I wrote about. That is the coöperation which the school and the church should receive from the home. With the richness of his happy childhood experience to draw from, he might well write you an article on that phase of the subject. In Covington, Kentucky, there probably should be little excuse for families not supplying this coöperation. Can Father Laux help us solve the problem for a great overgrown metropolitan area, like New York, where the homes have been pulled down, leaving families to crowd into two- and three-room apartments? These families have not much space for the books and magazines he mentions, nor any quiet place to read them. Besides that Father has to leave before dawn to travel on subways to his work, and if Mother and Big Sister did not leave soon after to help make or advertise the latest "labor-saving device," there would be no money to pay the rent (at $20 plus per room), or to buy the labor-saving devices, which are essential in their substitute for a home.

W. Esdaile Byles.

LIKE A RAM'S HORN

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Under the heading Like a Ram's Horn in the March 5 issue of The Commonweal, conditions of today are made to appear drab by reason of a comparison with an ideally pictured life before prohibition had extended the field of its operations so as to include the entire nation. (Made specific by the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment by the composite states of the union.) To quote in part: "Look honestly at the situation among Catholics. Twenty years ago no group was more actively laboring for temperance. . . . The Catholic Total Abstinence Union had 10,000 members and temperance rallies were popular. Nobody forgot that drunkenness is a sin, etc."

A 100,000 membership at its peak, including juveniles, was a small representation of Catholic strength for a cause as worthy as total abstinence: rather, it would seem that a small body was let attempt heruclean work. What a thoroughly interesting volume it would be, that would record a history of the struggles, achievements and disappointments of the Catholic Total Abstinence movement in America; and how effective the lessons it would teach for present use if only applied. Among the features of such a volume would be a chronicle of the great-

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ness of the prelate leaders that graced this unselfish movement, the urgent necessity for a Catholic society of its kind, the vast missionary work needed to maintain its working force, the numerous and disappointing lapses in its membership, the cases of poverty and distress that were relieved, sometimes only temporarily, the many rebuffs that befell its advocates, the unpopularity of the cause in most places, and the hopelessness, almost, of it all from the point of view of the actual worker in the cause of sobriety.

It is pertinent here to compliment The Commonweal for its presentation of the wholesome differences of opinion on the liquor question that appear in its Communications column. Even prohibition is more popular today among Catholics than total abstinence was twenty years ago. One difficulty today is that a ponderous force is spent by the Catholic press against prohibition and no corresponding effort is used to advance total abstinence and sobriety in the face of all odds. How can Catholic people, or any other people, profit by a course that would take away prohibition and leave them with no active combatant against a beverage which contains a drug as its sole inducement and charm?

There can be no harm in earnest discussion of the liquor question, but it is difficult to keep pace with the new theories advanced from day to day. The same wet press that offered modification with light wines and beers a few years ago, is now advocating strong liquor on a Canadian plan. Where the principle of prohibition was first denied by the wets, now we have an endorsement of the principle applicable to separate states instead of to the whole country as a unit. We are told to copy Norway's model law; and then Canada's system (in operation not as long as prohibition here) is offered as the pattern for excellence in liquor control. A parallel between our country and these two countries with populations probably no larger than some of our states is difficult of conception.

CHARLES J. BYRNES.

PRIESTS AND GOLF

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Your comment on the very sane view of the Homiletic Review regarding priests and golf, had something of the exhilaration of a good drive down the fairway in it. As one who loses all interest in the score at about the seventeenth hole, I thank you sincerely.

It is difficult indeed to understand the attitude of some of the "prominent laity" in regard to the recreation of priests. They seem to wish to raise the question as to whether priests really have any right to the recreations of which a gentleman avails himself. It is not easy to analyze this attitude, certainly it has much of the stuff of the Puritan and Methodist about it. Opposed to it, however, is the fact that Our Lord gave over His work upon the earth into the hands of men, and so long as this arrangement stands there will be need of proper recreation for them.

As in the case of other professional men, it is the priest's personal concern as to what form his recreation shall take and the opinion which would deny him God's sunshine and green grass and dazzling water hazards is, as you so rightly observe, to be ignored.

In this connection, however, it is well for priests to be mindful of Luke, xiv, 1: "And it came to pass, when Jesus went into the house of one of the chief of the Pharisees, on the sabbath day, to eat bread, that they *watched* him."

C. J. CANNON.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Dancing Partner

DAVID BELASCO—"dean of American producers," "father of modern realism," etc.—is at it again. It has become his specialty of recent years to open the season sometime in August, and so, by inference or example, to set the pace for other less exalted and less superlatively gifted producers. His position is one of some responsibility. Not that the title of "dean" really means anything. Seniority is too apt to become associated with senility to make mere age of any honest importance. But he does have an undoubted and large gift for meticulous production details, and his age and pseudoclerical garb unquestionably throw around his work the illusion of the dignified artist. More's the pity, then, that there habitually oozes from his workshop a stream of hypocritical slime which the Broadway gang hasten to put into their own bottles and sell later in the season as exotic theatrical perfume.

The history of Broadway is replete with instances of depressing or nauseating plays whose genesis can be traced to the Belasco workshop. The general formula seems to be, "if Belasco can get away with this kind of thing, so can we." And, of course, the copies are apt to be a few degrees worse than the original—except that they are franker in their vulgarity and less hypocritical. The Bachelor Father—which was a sort of "all's well that ends well" ode to illegitimacy—was a recent example of Belasco "art." Lulu Belle—or the progress of a Harlem harlot—was another. Mima—a pretended morality play, which spent most of its time delineating the seven deadly sins—was a more anaemic case in point. It is not so very long since Ladies of the Evening reproduced with keen fidelity the mechanics of the street walker's trade. In all of these plays Mr. Belasco was careful to assure himself that a "moral" ending or a tragic retribution or some such sugar should establish a sweet alibi against criticism—in all, that is, except the Bachelor Father, which perhaps sought its fancied innocence in the fact that all the wickedness was ancient history. The descendents of this series of plays are easy to recognize in the trash that clutters about half the Broadway theatres during the season.

The most recent Belasco contraption is just another story emitting theoretical sweetness and light in a heavy atmosphere of seduction and cynicism. It runs pretty much the full gamut, from a brash joke about perverts to an effort by the hero to prove that no young woman can resist his charms and deny him extra-marital privileges. The profligate son, Robert, of Lord George Hampton (British ex-ambassador to France) refuses to settle down and marry the girl of his father's choice until he has been granted a month in which to prove that she will not yield to him without benefit of clergy. This condition being granted, Robert poses as a professional dancing partner, meets his might-be fiancée under this guise, and proceeds to the serious business of trying to seduce her. The climax of his effort comes in the cabin of an airplane, well up in the clouds, assisted by cocktails and general remoteness. The "moral" of this sweet tale comes in the fact that the verbally very modern Roxy Hartley proves never to have been kissed and to be very gentle and understanding in her refusals—thus inciting Robert to theatrical remorse and permitting a happy ending. That ending is further postponed, however, by a lengthy scene hanging on the question of whether or not Roxy is wearing any clothes underneath a certain velvet wrap! Needless to say, it turns out that she is wearing a beautiful evening dress—so that the

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theatrical and deliberate nature of the "stunt" simply adds to the rank hypocrisy of the entire proceeding.

In this case, it is necessary to go into such details of the plot simply to establish the point I wish to make—that plays of the type Mr. Belasco has been producing recently are far more nauseating in their hypocrisy than in any other single feature. The sow's ear constantly wiggles within the silk purse. At least thirty plays of the average season are worse in details of speech or action than Mr. Belasco's products. But for sheer consistency in disguising the most cynical thoughts or the most blatant displays under the mantle of dramatic art and the headgear of morality, and for the wastage of real talent to this end, Mr. Belasco's recent productions have no modern equal.

Mr. Belasco has few peers as a showman, and few equals as a director and producer. He is still, it appears, full of vigor. It is nothing short of a crime against his own gifts and talents to waste them on rubbish, as he is now doing. When Jed Harris can show us an exquisite production of Uncle Vanya, when Eva Le Gallienne can illuminate the recesses of Romeo and Juliet, when the Guild can give us a Wings over Europe or a Hotel Universe, and when a Journey's End can cast its spell over an entire city, there is no shred of defense left for the application of a Belasco talent to the unmitigated theme of modern girlhood resisting seduction. In the time that remains to him, Mr. Belasco still has the chance to meet the younger and finer moderns on their own ground and to show what his power can do when bent to the service of honest art.

Common Clay

THE business of transferring good plays to the talking screen goes on merrily, and seldom with better average success than in the case of Cleves Kinkead's Harvard prize play, Common Clay. The plot, of course, is not particularly novel in general character. It belongs to that group of stories which depend on a strong "situation" rather than painstaking character study—the type in which the big trial lawyer turns out to be the father of the girl he is attacking on the witness stand, and in which the sins of the rich are paraded as being of even darker hue than those of the middle and poorer classes. But in spite of this, Common Clay rings with honesty and sincerity.

In the Fox production, Constance Bennett takes the part of the unfortunate Ellen Neal, playing forcefully and well and with good restraint. The incomparable little Beryl Mercer plays her foster-mother, and Lew Ayres does a most clean-cut job as the thoughtless Hugh Fullerton. Tully Marshall as Yates, Ellen's pompous lawyer, shows what a really excellent and complete character actor he is. Hale Hamilton is also suprisingly good as Judge Filson.

The movies are heading for better days when they learn the drawing power of simple, well constructed plays as against heavily romantic tales or attempts to rival Ziegfeld. The inclusion of dialogue, of course, is bringing about a vast change in public taste, and increasing the selective judgment with which people patronize the motion picture houses. Both playwrights and actors are benefiting from the change.

Reflection

The older we grow
The less we know
And the longer we live
The less we forgive.
This being wrong,
No one lives long.

WITTER BYNNER.

BOOKS

On Parnassus

Beauty, An Interpretation of Art and the Imaginative Life, by Helen Huss Parkhurst. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

BEAUTY, easier dreamed of than defined, evanescent and protean, is the subject of Miss Parkhurst's book. In its eleven chapters no endless parade of philosophers' futile attempts is passed in review in order to present an encyclopaedia of aesthetics; she has called her work "an interpretation of art and the imaginative life."

One must not lose sight of the subtitle if one wishes to do justice to the author. In a language replete with sensuous and dithyrambic charm, she expounds and amplifies themes familiar since Plato and Aristotle; she plays variations on age-old melodies instead of penetrating into new depths; she prefers starlit palaces of dreamland to solid towers of thought built with the cold bricks of logic.

Should she be twitted with the fact that her book is truly feminine in more than one respect? The reviewer emphatically does not think so. Still, he is compelled to point out that her system of beauty is largely eclectic; all-comprehensive, universal, and yet somewhat restricted of domain. It is not the fruit of a balanced and total view of life, which departs from a unified principle of all things and achieves harmony in a glorious symphony of all being.

Hers is a beauty existent exclusively for its own sake, a Parnassian and impassible beauty, which she seeks everywhere and which she finds to be the essence and the only raison d'être of everything. "Almost the only excuse for the apple tree is its spring radiance or its winter austerity," she once exclaims in her esoteric aestheticism. It is to be questioned whether this teleological brand of beauty is not too etherial, too abstract for a human, who is after all a conglomerate of mud and spirit. This ecstatic emphasis laid on beauty leads the reader to fancy that the author sees the only "excuse" of art, as of life in general, in its ability to create or re-create beauty. And yet art does infinitely more than that; the author herself states that "the explanation of why man is impelled to imaginative expression of himself is that only thereby can he achieve a reconciliation of the discordant feelings and desires within him." Is this view not a denial of all possible objective art? All art is not necessarily a "general confession" in the Goethean sense, and even though man is incapable of totally ridding himself of his ego, there are memorable examples of epic, objective art also.

Miss Parkhurst's artist is commensurate with her conception of art. He is a cousin german of the "vates" of the ancients, a sort of prophet, the superior of kings and potentates, like the Renaissance poets—a neurotic and high-strung being to be envied and pitied at the same time. No doubt, there have been numerous artists of this description, but is not a great deal of this enthusiasm hoary convention and worthy of gentle "debunking"? Think of the masterpieces which owe their existence to sordid Mammon, to the hunger for success which has taken over the rôle of fame and glory since the eighteenth century in the minds of the producers of beauty. Think of the Olympian calm of Goethe in his old age, of La Fontaine, of that enigmatic and clever businessman who lurks behind the historic portrait of Shakespeare—to select only a few. The artist unquestionably surpasses the average human being in sensitivity, but that alone, even at its supreme potence, would not account for creative genius, and sensuous qualities of this world would

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not call forth artistic creation, unless inspiration came in some specific form of immediate and actual experience.

But this world of ours has other than sensuous elements also which none the less belong to the realm of beauty and which cannot be excluded from the arts. Indeed, the visible, audible, gustatory, tangible beauty is of the lowest order in the infinite range of possible beauties. Why omit the ethical and intellectual beauty whose existence is undeniable and which Miss Parkhurst seems to have neglected almost entirely though the highest art is of this category even if it expresses itself through the medium of sensuous beauty?

This lack of consideration for the higher, ideal content of beauty makes itself felt in the wealth of information which is scattered over the chapters on painting and sculpture, music and architecture, and literature. Would that the author had remembered the Hegelian concept according to which beauty is the translucence of the idea through the matter; she would not then have stranded in sheer formalism, especially apparent in the chapter on prose and poetry. The nondescript discriminations, tid-bits of meter and rhyme, debated in the manner of old-fashioned formal poetics result in little beyond verbalism.

But in spite of some weighty objections, Beauty is a thought-provoking and stimulating work. Its discussion of the basic problems of art ought to be of interest to all lovers of beauty, and Miss Parkhurst's profound lyricism, rising at times to heights of poetry, will carry away many an objector who differs with her on fundamental issues.

ARPAD STEINER.

Since Madison

The Development of American Political Thought, by William Seal Carpenter. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $2.00.

WE THOUGHT that political theorists had exhausted themselves and their topic in disputations on sovereignty. While the bosses ruled the cities and the utilities purchased congressmen and legislators, the political scientists searched high and low for the nature and location of sovereignty. "What is sovereignty?" asked the political science teacher of yesteryear of his student. The student would reply that sovereignty was what Sir Henry Maine said it was—if properly qualified. "Where is sovereignty located in the United States?" the teacher would ask. "Well, that is a difficult question," the student would answer if he had read his Leacock at least ten minutes before coming to class, "but after long searching someone believes he has found it lurking among two-thirds of the members of Congress and three-fourths of the legislatures of the states." Thus having given sovereignty a home of safe repose among the solons the student would be asked if sovereignty were divisible, and he would indignantly reply that such was unthinkable for in two-thirds of Congress and three-fourths of the legislatures of the states there was unity were it ever so invisible—the best example extant presumably of the motto, E Pluribus Unum.

Well, Professor Carpenter gives us one whole chapter on the subject of sovereignty—most sterile of all subjects—and he heads that chapter, Some Recent Tendencies. No consideration of the more recent speculations on public opinion. No considerations of the psychological approach to politics. Surely these are recent tendencies! At one point it seems as if Professor Carpenter is going to give some consideration to the conflict between rural anl urban areas on the subject of representation, but it turns out to be a false alarm. In writing of the Kentucky constitutional convention of 1849 he says concerning

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the conflict between Louisville and the rural sections: "Most men, however, perceived that where there was no great diversity of interests there was little danger in lodging political power in the hands of the numerical majority." Does Professor Carpenter believe there is still no diversity of interest between Louisville and the Kentucky mountaineers, between New York City and Herkimer, or between Chicago and Danville? Or does he believe this was true only in 1849? Or does he believe that today the numerical majority is adequately represented in Kentucky, New York or Illinois? These are important questions. Why the author leaves speculation about them suspended in midair is difficult to determine.

It is unfortunate that Professor Carpenter did not see fit to enlarge upon and clarify the following statement: "But if stability in the government is to be attained, the choice must rest upon those arrangements which are consistent with the permanent not the transitory interests of the people, the spiritual rather than the material purposes of society." What does he mean by spiritual? Surely he should not have kept this a secret.

Professor Carpenter hazards one guess. He guesses that the bellum omnium contra omnes idea of Hobbes is due to the doctrine of original sin. Which only proves that many people do not understand what the doctrine of original sin is.

If one wishes to read a brief summary of American political thought Professor Carpenter's book is satisfactory. There is nothing original about it; there is no freshness of point of view. Still it is a short book and there may be many who will love it.

JEROME G. KERWIN.

Scottish Backgrounds

Gallows' Orchard, by Claire Spencer. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, Incorporated. $2.50.

The Weatherhouse, by Nan Shepherd. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

SCOTTISH in background and universal in theme, Gallows' Orchard and The Weatherhouse display many similarities. Both are superbly written, both have dramatic power and sweep; in each there is conflict between idealism and the practical reality of human conduct. Yet where they are most alike they are most unlike. Where Miss Shepherd has been undeviatingly true to the integrity of her narrative, Miss Spencer has, however artistically, cudgeled characters and events into the simplicity of her pattern. Hence the dourness and meanness of Miss Shepherd's countrymen are leavened by the virtues which inhere in all men; these same qualities in Miss Spencer's villagers are unrelieved, they are personified and the village becomes the figure of doom.

The story of Gallow's Orchard is the story of Magdalen, unsaved by Christ, and dead by stoning. Effie Gallows is glorified through the eyes of the schoolmaster, who because of his great love extends her the ineffectual protection of marriage. To him she is a vital creature, possessed of an extraordinary honesty and a fatalistic belief in the tragic consequences of falseness to self. Effie may have been all that the schoolmaster deemed her to be but it is too much to ask the reader for faith in a character which only in rare moments touches reality. In the life of a woman who marries to legitimatize her unborn child, whose husband is murdered by one of her lovers, who unlovingly weds another bemused and devoted suitor, strong and well defined motives must be adduced. Because she fails to do this Miss Spencer's bleak novel, despite its high literary quality, never quite comes off.

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Miss Shepherd, on the other hand, has dealt forcibly with her characters. No matter how idealistically they react their actuations are sharply defined. Garry Forbes is moved by his deep love for his dead friend in his fight to right a wrong despite the many unfortunate consequences, sorrowful to himself and to others, which may ensue. His fiancée, Lindsay, who abhors profanation yet nevertheless feels that the suffering of the living is more important, creates the conflict. She does not save the overly romantic Louie Morgan who, unsought and unloved, has built a lie into a pathetic and generally accepted romance but, because she realizes that compromise is a necessary part of love, effects a reconciliation through that time-worn device of human relationship. It is in this faithfulness to reality that Miss Spencer achieves her great success.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Species of Thought

Types of Philosophy, by William Ernest Hocking. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

PROFESSOR HOCKING of Harvard University here presents for beginners an interesting approach to the perennial problems of philosophy. By uniting the historical and systematic methods he is able to secure a few continually recurring "types" of world view which emerge from the vast welter. Thus he reduces the bewildering array of names which so discourage the neophyte in this field to the extent of causing him to abandon philosophy as an impossible jargon for professionals only, and is able to offer a most readable volume for the layman. In fact if the publishers had desired to do so they might have given this work a more attractive title and by the machinations of modern advertisement they might have made it a best seller while still maintaining their self-respect in the knowledge that they were pushing a work of the soundest value even when measured by standards of professional philosophy.

Aligning spiritualism with religion as the original form of philosophy, and presenting the latter as a way of life rather than a theory, the author is able to pass on to naturalism as the single type of metaphysics or our belief about reality, thence to pragmatism and intuitionism as the types of theories of knowledge or our belief about our beliefs, and finally to dualism, idealism, realism and mysticism as typical attempts at theories which aim to be both metaphysical and epistemological. The explanations are all so simple, the criticisms and evolutions so fair and so conversant with all the currents of present-day thinking that the keenest interest is easily aroused in a subject which is more important for the average man than he realizes. Thus the whole of philosophy is encompassed in a minimum of seven types. One may well doubt, for instance, whether anywhere else in a similar few pages given over to explanation and criticism one may find a more trenchant appraisal of the new materialism so powerful today under the title of naturalism.

Perhaps in his own concluding "confessio fidei" Professor Hocking is least satisfactory. "This proposition that the world is a self, I regard as a point of certainty in philosophy" in reality destroys all meaning of the term, as it is commonly understood and ultimately brings philosophy into disrepute. "The human self, which we take as an imperfect image of the whole cosmos" will not long be content with such an answer to the enigma of existence, as the whole history of philosophy has demonstrated. Absolutism may satisfy the passion for unity but if reality is not an absolute unity then we must admit that the passion, when it becomes immoderate, is only misleading.

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Briefer Mention

Blue Rhine—Black Forest, by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Legendary Germany, Oberammergau and Bayreuth, by Regina Jais. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

ONCE again the tourists are flocking to Germany. Mr. Louis Untermeyer apparently enjoyed his sojourn there and didn't mind writing this handbook of a trip down the Rhine and into the Black Forest. He is sometimes witty, often smart, occasionally illuminating. It is not a very good guide-book but can be read. Mrs. Jais covers the same territory and leads one off to Munich and the Bavarian Alps. She is the kind of person who can spend "exquisite days literally drunk with music," wherefore travelers who read volumes of this character will normally prefer her to Mr. Untermeyer. Neither book goes far beyond the obvious and the photographs used to illustrate are the kind procurable from a mail-order tourist agency.

Margaret Yorke, by Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $1.00.

THIS is not Mrs. Norris's best novel, by a considerable margin, but it has enough of her famous patent combination of romance and reality to make it readable and even interesting. The theme—the struggle of two women for a man—is given a certain vitality from their contrast: the heroine strong, repressed, touched with tragedy; her antagonist (on whom Mrs. Norris has done an unusually good job of observation) as softly lovely, as guileful and conscienceless as a kitten, with all a kitten's power of sinking in its claws and hanging on. The plot gets some additional supererogatory complications from the secret marriage of one of the principals, but everything turns out for the best in the end. It is, to repeat, good, sure-fire summer fiction.

A Flock of Birds, by Kathleen Coyle. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

ONE cannot dismiss Miss Coyle's latest novel with the adjective "grim." For she has, with rare courage, undertaken a depiction of a family group faced with tragedy which rises far above a merely morbid study. She has allied the ordeal of Catherine Munster, stumbling through the days of hope and despair which precede the hanging of her son, with that sorrow which all mothers experience in bearing the children of death. Nevertheless the reader must feel that he would be able to more fully comprehend a purely subjective situation if Miss Coyle had given it a concrete background of cause and character.

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